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Agricultural.

AMERICAN MERINO SHEEP REGISTER ASSOCIATION.

The sixth annual meeting of the American Merino Sheep Register Association was held in the city of Jackson, Mich., commencing at 10:30 o'clock on Thursday, Dec. 29th, holding over until Friday noon. The meeting was called to order by the President, J. P. Dean. The committee on programme made their report, which was adopted, making it the order of business of the meeting. Pursuant to a vote the President appointed the following committees: On credentials, R. O. Logan, C. L. Short, W. E. Kennedy. On constitution and by-laws, A. H. Craig, Wisconsin; R. O. Logan, Michigan; D. O. Frasier, Ohio; O. L. Short, and W. E. Kennedy, Michigan.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The committee on credentials reported all members present entitled to vote, and the following States represented by delegates: Ohio, Wisconsin, Kansas and Minnesota.

President J. P. Dean then read his annual address, which was as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Officers and Members:—It is with pleasure that I welcome you to the American Merino Sheep Register Association in its first meeting among the sheep breeders of Michigan. We welcome you to our State, to our county and to its representative city, Jackson, hoping that our short meeting here will be a mutual benefit to us all socially, and also beneficial to us in our aim to improve the sheep industry which to-day is one of the greatest industries in the nation. Gentlemen, we each of us have duties to perform in the work whether breeders or members, or, as we all ought to be, both breeders and members. As breeders we must look to the improvement of our flock, when arises the vital question: How shall we best do it? First, we must study the flock, studying the individual merit of each animal, looking first for the stimulus of development, which is the constitution. Second, its origin of vitality, the day, year, and last, growth object desired, which is the fleece. And then these requires a breeder may, by discerning all animals that do not develop these in themselves or their progeny, build to his ideas of perfection. If his taste or ambition leads to the perfection of fashionable beauty or symmetry of form, he has the great fundamental principles from which to draw, but if he lacks in constitution his efforts are in vain. Without constitution we stand as a ship without a rudder, a dog without a compass, and a life without a purpose.

You may place in the hands of some men the best flocks of to-day and in twenty-five years you would not buy them for mere grades; while, on the other hand, give some breeders the care of the culls of any flock they will produce more valuable than the ancestral blood of any degenerated race.

Second, we must use any but the best animals to found our flock, and this may be a more intricate question than the former, the proper selection of a stock ram.

We are all liable to differ in opinion, as regards the selection, but the main points are the same, whether plain or stylized, viz.: namely, first constitution and size, second form, and last fleece.

But at all hazards do not blacken the Merino's face nor compel them to wear upon their backs a dust brush or foot-mat. If fine wool is preferable, and is not fine mutton the task is easy.

Members you must first fully uphold and support our Association, and not in a crisis, as of the past, somewhat of the present, lose all interest, and totally abandon the register.

Certainly pedigree does not make a model sheep, but it is valuable just in the proportion that it is properly applied. Alone it will rule the best flock in existence, or if properly applied it will build the poorest, taking into consideration two things, the number of ewes and the number of rams of sheep breed. We must induce new members to join us, for the growth of an Association is its life, and the moment it ceases to grow, so soon its downward progress commences. The growth of this Association since the first meeting of a few of the representative breeders of Wisconsin, for the formation of a National Register Association, has been very satisfactory; to day we stand represented in fourteen States, with three hundred members and about twelve thousand sheep; but let this be just the dawn of progress, each one of us trying to push the American Merino Sheep Register Association higher and farther, ever looking to the interest of the Society.

Suggesting to the convention a committee

for a revision of the constitution and by-laws, I wish to each member and to this Association marked progress, so that one year hence we may meet again standing a united body for the improvement of the sheep industry.

The officers then read their annual reports. These were followed by a paper from R. O. Logan, of California, Mich., entitled, "Where Are We Drifting," which was as follow:

The sheep industry of America is among the greatest enterprises of the agricultural world, there is nothing by which labor is better remunerated, nothing that yields better returns on the money invested; for we reap two crops annually from our flocks, the wool and the lambs. The wool product is one of gigantic proportions, about 350,000,000 lbs. yearly, which always finds a ready market at a high price. The lambs are sold into the hands of the farmer at a season of the year when there seems to be little else that can be readily converted into cash. There are times, however, when prices rule so low for wool, that it has a tendency to discourage many breeders, but even then the relative value compares quite favorably to that of any other product of the farm; prices fluctuate as regards both sheep and wool, and it usually takes about six years for the market to adjust itself, and it is invariably the case when prices are extremely low for sheep, every one is anxious, and some are even determined to sell no matter how great the sacrifice—then on the contrary when prices are inflated every body wants to purchase.

According to statistics the medium wool commands a better price now than fine wool, and why this? Is it because the American Merino full blood is too fine? Oh, no! not exactly; but simply this: the two extremes have given greater attention, the coarse and the fine. Now in this case, the common breeder of the native wood ranger, raising sheep for the market, will find a lucrative employment by coupling his flock of coarse wool ewes with a good selection of a thoroughbred Merino ram, and thereby increase the weight and improve the quality of fleece without decreasing the weight of carcass.

There has been a great deal said about crossing and a great many experiments made, and no breeder should be led astray by a thoroughbred sire on his flock. In case he owns the common natives of the country, the use of a well bred sire is all the more important, for nowhere else will the evidence of his power to transmit his characteristics be seen than on common stock; the sire is usually half the flock. Let an individual establish in his mind a standard as to form and quality to which he desires to breed them, bend every energy to this end, select only good stock, healthy ewes, or at nearly up to that type; his means are adding to them, take a look among substantial breeders for a good and a thoroughbred sire on his flock. In case he owns the common natives of the country, the use of a well bred sire is all the more important, for nowhere else will the evidence of his power to transmit his characteristics be seen than on common stock; the sire is usually half the flock. Let an individual establish in his mind a standard as to form and quality to which he desires to breed them, bend every energy to this end, select only good stock, healthy ewes, or at nearly up to that type; his means are adding to them, take a look among substantial breeders for a good and a thoroughbred sire on his flock.

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In case he owns

The Horse.

A Talk About Horses.

A gentleman who has made a study of horses and their characteristics for years, and who is the owner of a number of fine animals, was shown by a reporter an item going the rounds of the press about a horse becoming insane.

"I do not believe there is any such thing as insanity among horses," he said. "A horse may become wild and unmanageable from pain, such as toothache, or because of cruel and brutal treatment, or fright, but it is only a temporary affection. But I will deny that many horses are natural fools."

I have in fact seen many such on which there was no dependance, and a characteristic of which is the taking up of a mouthful of hay and tossing it about, making frequently no headway in eating. Such horses show no affection, and a stranger can drive them as well as one who handled them for years, which is not the case with an intelligent horse. One thing that makes a horse nervous are these fancy curb bits, which hurt considerably, and I attribute a great deal of this so-called viciousness to these contrivances. No, sir, I do not even believe in natural viciousness in a horse. To ill-treatment this is all due. Take a high-strung, nervous horse and it does not require much ill-treatment to make him vicious. I have seen horses and owned them which would be perfectly gentle in harness and in the stable, but the moment they would see me take up a stick or whip would at once seem to change their dispositions and try to jump upon me and otherwise do me harm. Out west this summer I came across a black horse which had killed three men, and which worked six miles to death. He was worked twelve years day and night on a stage-coach. He would trample both men and his mates to death the moment they came near him. But he was ill-treated, brutally treated, all the time. Why, every time they put a harness on him they would keep him goaded with a pitchfork so that he trembled with fear all the time. It was quite a sight to see him harnessed. After the harness was snapped about him a heavy rope was tied about his neck and then he would be clubbed over the head and backed out of the stall. Then the rope would be thrown over a beam and the men would take the bridle and club him with it on the head so as to stun him before they could get it on. He was a large, powerful animal, and fine-looking. Yet to-day that horse is as gentle as a kitten. Why so? Because he passed into other hands from which he received kind treatment, that work has been thoroughly vindicated.

PERCHERON HORSES.—Hundreds of stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be understood from the estimate that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The truth of this assertion will be apparent from the authoritative statement that the Percheron-Norman Horse Co., of Colorado, recently received an offer from large importers in New York, to contract to buy, at \$125 per head, every colt they could raise during the next seven years. The accomplishment of these grand results is greatly due to the energy of one man, to whom the American people are greatly indebted, having imported and distributed to almost every State and territory, nearly 2,500 Percheron horses. A visit to M. W. Dunham's "Oakland Farm," at Wayne, Ill., will give new ideas of the magnitude of this horse improvement of the country.

It is very concentrated food as well as fattening.

All dry feed is not the best for the horse's health. It needs a few roots, apples, carrots, potatoes, or other succulent food, as a relish and a regulator of the bowels. Nor is it all grass good for the horse, if it is to do any work, as most people know, we presume. A moderate ration of grass, followed with dry hay, and always accompanied with oats, will do a horse good. The horse, like man and other animals, relishes a little variety, and it does him good.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Horse Gossip.

JEROME TURNER 2:15%, is expected to reach 2:18% the coming year.

A REPORT from San Francisco says that a match race for \$1,000 a side, has been made between Harry Wilkes and Oliver K., to be trotted April 2nd.

KINGCRAFT, the thoroughbred stallion recently purchased in England by D. Swigert, of Kentucky, died on the passage out. This is a severe loss to Mr. Swigert, who had purchased him for stud purposes.

A FREE-POR-ALL race for a purse of one thousand dollars, took place at San Francisco on New Year's day. The entries were Guy Wilkes, Charley Hilton and J. Q., and the race was won by the first named. He took the second, third and fourth heats in 2:10%, 2:19%, 2:19%. J. Q. won the first heat in 2:19, was distanced in the third.

THE sixth volume of the American Trotting Register has reached us. The history of this work is the history of the American trotting horse, and it has become as standard an authority among trotting horse breeders as the thoroughbred stud book or the American Shorthorn Herd Book are among the breeders of those animals. Mr. Wallace has inseparably connected his name with the American trotter, and the strenuous and sometimes honest opposition to his work, so long manifested, has become dissipated as its true value has become known and appreciated. It must be very gratifying for the publisher of this work to be able to say, as he does in the preface of this volume, that "the open hostility and opposition of a very small body of reputable breeders are no longer manifest, and if any dissatisfaction exists it is to be found among those who have failed to get their pedigrees before the public with doubtful and spurious crosses in them." Mr. Wallace's faith in the value and success of his work has been thoroughly vindicated.

PERCHERON HORSES.—Hundreds of stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be understood from the estimate that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The truth of this assertion will be apparent from the authoritative statement that the Percheron-Norman Horse Co., of Colorado, recently received an offer from large importers in New York, to contract to buy, at \$125 per head, every colt they could raise during the next seven years. The accomplishment of these grand results is greatly due to the energy of one man, to whom the American people are greatly indebted, having imported and distributed to almost every State and territory, nearly 2,500 Percheron horses. A visit to M. W. Dunham's "Oakland Farm," at Wayne, Ill., will give new ideas of the magnitude of this horse improvement of the country.

The Farm.

Barbed Fences in Law.

The barbed wire fence is of comparatively recent origin. It is useful but somewhat dangerous, and the rights and liabilities of those who maintain such fences are perhaps not yet fully ascertained as to all their details. These two principles, however, will be found a guide to any ordinary case: 1. He who maintains anything that is a source of danger to others is liable for any injury resulting therefrom. But (2) one who is aware of the danger and is liable to receive injury must take reasonable precautions to prevent himself, and if he fails in taking such precautions and is injured for want of them he must bear his own loss. Hence, if A stretches a barbed wire fence along the highway and B is about to drive stock along the highway past the fence, he must while passing use all reasonable precaution to prevent his stock from coming in contact with the fence to their injury. If he does so and his stock is injured notwithstanding A is liable; or if the injury is of such a nature that it would have happened to spite of any such precaution A is still liable, for he cannot recover from another no more to blame than himself. The division line of farms is in legal contemplation a mathematical line—length without breadth or thickness. Hence a fence on the line is an impossibility. It must be half on one farm and half on the other. Where by agreement of adjoining owners such a fence is maintained each runs his own risk and can look no further than himself for recompense in case of loss, for when he agreed to the fence he agreed to all its dangers.

If A and B are adjoining owners and A proposes to erect a barbed wire fence between them and B's objects, A must set the fence wholly within his own land, for he has no right to set any part of it upon B's land without B's consent. If he places the fence upon his own land, but so near the line—say one inch within it—that B's stock is still in danger while upon his own land, A is still liable until B knows of the situation. But after B is aware of the danger he must protect his stock by a barrier of some kind upon his own land, for he cannot continue to expose his stock to danger and then hold another for the loss that may occur. But if A places the fence so far within the line of his land—say some yards—that B's stock cannot come in contact with it except by a trespass upon A's land, A is free from liability, for it is B's business to confine his stock upon his own land and not allow them to trespass upon adjoining territory.

But just now the line of A's land his fence may be and still exempt him from liability no one can tell. Under some circumstances

and perhaps with some kind of stock a wider margin would be allowed than with others. The foregoing rules apply to accidents and casualties only. An injury to stock maliciously planned and executed lies at the door of the perpetrator. You will see that it is impossible to give a categorical answer as to liability for injuries caused by barbed wire fencing. The closest scrutiny into the circumstances of the individual case will often be required in order to locate the blame. The rules of law upon this subject are founded in the strictest justice and common sense, but so complex may the circumstances be that their application will become a matter of the greatest difficulty.—James M. McKay, N. Y. Tribune.

Cows for Dairy Purposes.—The Scottish Agricultural Gazette, in controverting the idea that cows finally go to the block, therefore they must be big breeds, says: "There is a great deal of hubbug in this doctrine, at least it is a hubbug to the man who selects, breeds, and feeds cows for the purpose of making the most money he can out of them in butter and cheese. Certain principles govern specific dairymen in the conduct of their business.

1. The great object of the existence of that kind of cow that is the most profitable to the true dairyman is the product of her milk. 2. He is selling raw material (food) to the cow, and she pays him in butter and cheese.

3. If she is not a thoroughly constructed butter or cheese machine, she is constantly wasting a portion of the food she consumes, for which she gives no return in all the years of her milk production.

This amounts in eight or ten years to many times more than her carcass could possibly be made worth for beef. 4. The true dairy temperament is not a flesh-forming temperament, at least not to that extent, that is the lymphatic temperament.

5. After a cow has survived the years of her profitable service as a milker, she is at that age when it costs all, and usually more, than it amounts to fatten her. 6. After she is fattened, (and that at great expense) the price she brings is usually not more than that paid for the veriest scrub steer.

"Every farmer admits that it doesn't pay to raise poor steers. How then can it pay to fatten old cows? All it needs is a practical business analysis of the situation to show that there is nothing but loss in undertaking to turn a cow into beef that has been profitably raised for the dairy. But says the farmer, 'What shall I do with my old cows?' We answer: Sell them for anything you can get, after having kept them long as they are profitable in butter or cheese. But don't throw good money after poor, by spending a cent that belongs to it. Suppose iron manufacturers and others should buy their raw material at a large increase on wholesale rates, how long would such business continue? Can farmers afford to be so unbusinesslike? They complain that farming does not pay. Is not here one of the reasons?"

W. L. CHAMBERLAIN says, in the *Ohio Farmer*: "Some eighteen or twenty years ago I planted a small lot of Peachblow potatoes June 1, giving them a very heavy dressing of stable manure in the row. For sixteen weeks those potatoes grew and revelled in that manure, though during the entire time there was never rain enough to soak down an inch into the ground. It was the worst drought for forty years! The potatoes yielded at the rate of about 140 bushels per acre. But for the manure I am sure they would not have yielded the seed. These and many other facts that I might give, seem to me to show that stable manure is the one and only thing that can insure a good yield of potatoes in a dry year."

HON. WARREN BROWN, of New Hampshire, thinks grass sown with clover will make a better stand, yield more hay and hold in longer after two or three crops of clover have been removed, than if sown without clover. The butter was clean but highly colored, which injures it for the English market. It has been packed in an atmosphere warmer than that to which it was subsequently exposed, and in consequence it shrank away from the wood all round, and thus became exposed to the air. The tub had not been properly deodorized, and the scent of the wood had penetrated into the butter from one-third to one-half inch deep. Below this the butter was as sweet and aromatic as a rose. But it had one great fault: it was salted an ounce to the pound, which is twice as much as the English like it. It sold for only 16c., and as it was evidently the product of grain fed cows, it must have cost the producer every cent of that amount. If it had been seasoned rightly, and packed properly, it would have sold 10c. higher easily, and this instance shows how necessary it is to understand one's market, and to make no mistake in putting up one's goods. This butter was originally a good article, but was spoiled by not knowing how to treat the tubs. When asked how he would prepare the tub the speaker said that if brine is used it should be poured in scalding hot, and this should be repeated three or four times during the ten days the tubs are soaking. The cover also should be deodorized. Another plan and a good one is to bore a hole in the tub, have the cover on, and insert in the hole a rubber tube leading from a steam generator. Then turn on the steam, and in a short time it will cleanse the wood thoroughly. In such packages butter will keep sound for any length of time, provided it is made properly.

Frosting Dry Soaps.—One of the good effects from underdraining is that it increases the depth to which frost penetrates soil, thus gradually making deeper the space in which plant roots may penetrate in search of food and moisture. This is a strong argument for making deep drains, especially on level exposed surfaces, where the snow is liable to blow off. No tile is absolutely safe from frost in our Northern States at a less depth than three feet, though a slight touch of frost at this depth might do no harm. Drains made twenty inches or two feet deep are often disengaged from freezing, and but for the fact that such drains are often in hollows where they are protected by snow, a still larger percentage of them would be spoiled. We cannot tell by digging in undrained ground how deeply frost will penetrate after the draining produces its full effects. For a number of years after a drain is made the frost reaches a lower level in winters equally cold. Dry sand sometimes freezes to a depth of three and even four feet in exposed banks. It is not possible to get a clay soil so dry as sand, and this freezing makes a solid barrier of ice, through which cold air cannot penetrate. In a clay soil, unless directly over a drain, there is seldom much

frosting—if he were left to tell the story. 6. The theory that eating broken shells super-induces the habit of breaking and eating their own eggs in absurd. The effect is in the opposite direction by satisfying cravings for shell-making food. No hen ever learns to break eggs from eating broken shells; but having broken an egg in the nest, by treading upon it or in tumbling it around, she easily learns how to break another. The feeding of more shells and other shell-making food is the best and, so far as I know, the only remedy for the habit of breaking eggs. Egg-eating is a disease, not a vice.—O. S. Bliss, in N. Y. Tribune.

Poultry Farming.—The *Michigan Farmer* says: "The theory that eating broken shells induces the habit of breaking and eating their own eggs in absurd. The effect is in the opposite direction by satisfying cravings for shell-making food. No hen ever learns to break eggs from eating broken shells; but having broken an egg in the nest, by treading upon it or in tumbling it around, she easily learns how to break another. The feeding of more shells and other shell-making food is the best and, so far as I know, the only remedy for the habit of breaking eggs. Egg-eating is a disease, not a vice.—O. S. Bliss, in N. Y. Tribune.

Partridges of Poultry.—If you have no green forage for the fowls in winter give them dry—if nothing else but a forkful of fresh, bright hay. If you are fussy and like to work for fun you can cook or steam them, as some farmers have sometimes done for cattle. It is safe to say that the correctness of our estimate, we gave them a supply of crushed bone, which in that case was to be had on the fair grounds. Old birds, especially hens, need both the bone and the shells, the former to assist in supplying feathers, the latter to supply shell-making material. As neither need cost me than three cents per pound, and may often be had for less, it is the poorest of economy to deprive fowls of these necessities.—National Stockman.

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DETROIT, MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 177,336 bu., against 129,480 bu., the previous week and 154,245 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 30,089 bu. against 18,414 bu., the previous week, and 59,393 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,506,432 bu., against 2,416,000 bu. last week, and 3,355,637 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 1 was 63,729,869 bu. against 62,264,343 bu. the previous week, and 58,264,341 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 465,836 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Jan. 1 were 1,503,517 bu. against 913,327 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 9,805,592 bu. 1,547,380 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

Wheat has been irregular the past week, with occasional spells of activity and extreme weakness. Values have given way under large offerings, but not to such an extent as was expected from the large visible supply and the high freight rates to the seaboard. The demand from abroad keeps up well, and as prices in the English markets keep gradually advancing, it serves to sustain values from dropping below a point at which it can be exported. The week closed with values in this market at the lowest points of the week, and the tone dull. Chicago was quiet on Saturday, with prices the same as the previous day. There were no features of interest, fluctuations being within narrow limits. Toledo was weak and lower. New York was firm for spot, but closed easier for options. Liverpool was quiet but steady.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from December 15th to January 3d inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	Whole
Dec. 15	73 1/2	80 1/2	84 1/2	77
16	80 1/2	81 1/2	84 1/2	77
17	80 1/2	80 1/2	84 1/2	77
18	79 1/2	80 1/2	84 1/2	77
19	79 1/2	79 1/2	84 1/2	77
20	79 1/2	79 1/2	84 1/2	77
21	79 1/2	79 1/2	84 1/2	77
22	80 1/2	80 1/2	84 1/2	77
23	80 1/2	81 1/2	84 1/2	77
24	80 1/2	80 1/2	84 1/2	77
25	80 1/2	81 1/2	84 1/2	77
26	81 1/2	82 1/2	85 1/2	78
27	81 1/2	82 1/2	85 1/2	78
28	81 1/2	82 1/2	85 1/2	78
29	82 1/2	83 1/2	86 1/2	79
30	82 1/2	83 1/2	86 1/2	79
31	82 1/2	83 1/2	86 1/2	79
Jan. 1	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
2	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
3	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
4	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
5	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
6	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
7	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80
8	83 1/2	84 1/2	87 1/2	80

The following table gives the closing price each day of the past week on the various kinds of No. 1 wheat:

	Jan.	Feb.	May.
Tuesday	83	..	80 1/2
Wednesday	83	..	80 1/2
Thursday	83	..	80 1/2
Friday	83	84	80
Saturday	83 1/2	84	80

No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Jan.	Feb.	March	May.
Tuesday	83 1/2	85	87 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	84 1/2	86	87 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	84 1/2	86	87 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	84 1/2	86	87 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	84 1/2	86	87 1/2	80 1/2

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its issue of December 27th, says there is no change to note in the position of the crops, and that they are all in a healthy condition. Trade in grain was quiet, as usual at the close of the year. In France, a protracted season of rainy weather has been followed by dry and colder weather, with heavy falls of snow throughout the country. Supplies in the country markets have consequently been light, and prices firm; millers, however, buy sparingly. The change in the weather is very favorable for the young plant.

From Russia reports show that the port of St. Petersburg was open one month later this season than last. Odessa mail advises of Dec. 18 report colder weather, and agricultural prospects good. The grain market had been active for Azima wheat at higher prices, but closed quieter. The important transactions effected during the week, coupled with absence of fresh supplies, led to a decided decrease in stocks, which are now small, and composed almost entirely of secondary qualities of Azima wheat. Rye in demand for Norway and Sweden and Rotterdam, but scarce.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	62,354,343
Visible supply, United Kingdom	14,360,000
Total two weeks ago	80,149,309
Total Dec. 26, 1886	74,167,818

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Jan. 1 were 80,000 to 90,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Dec. 25 the receipts are estimated to have been 4,179,048 bu. less than the consumption.

The Liverpool market is quoted higher with fair demand. Winter wheat is quoted

at 7s 8d@7s 10d, spring at 7s 6d@7s 9d and California No. 1 at 7s 10d@7s 11d per cental.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 53,784 bu., against 53,719 bu. the previous week, and 63,937 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 12,749 bu., against 43,875 bu. the previous week, and 64,414 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. The visible supply of corn in the country on Jan. 1 amounted to 13,783,114 bu. against 13,584,605 bu. the previous week, and 10,355,337 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 1,198,509 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 663,693 bu., against 860,284 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,365,334 bu., against 7,393,193 bu. for the corresponding period in 1886. The stocks now held in this city amount to 201,850 bu. against 201,032 bu. last week and 70,000 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. Corn has weakened in sympathy with wheat, although cable reports from Liverpool on Saturday were strong. The market here is slow, and prices are lower than a week ago. No. 3 is quoted at 37 1/2c and No. 2 yellow at 38 1/2c per bu. The Chicago market is also lower; and the week closed with dullness the most prominent feature of the market. No. 3 is quoted there 36 1/2c@36 1/2c per spot, January delivery at 36 1/2c@36 1/2c, February at 36 1/2c@36 1/2c, March at 38 1/2c@38 1/2c, and May at 42 1/2c@42 1/2c. At New York the week closed with spot fairly active and steady, and futures rather weak. The Liverpool market is reported quiet, steady and a little higher. Quotations there yesterday were as follows: New mixed spot, 44 1/2d per cental; January, 4s. 7d.; February, 4s. 7d., and March at 4s. 6d.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 1 was 5,026,610 bu., against 4,993,485 bu. the previous week, and 3,419,251 bu. Jan. 1, 1886. The exports for Europe the past week were nothing, against nothing the previous week, and for the last eight weeks were 161,938 bu. against 406,079 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1886. The visible supply shows a decrease of 30,125 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 15,935 bu., against 26,352 bu. the previous week, and 53,639 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The receipts at this point for the week were 16,633 bu., against 14,553 bu. the previous week and 35,191 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 4,652 bu., against 3,660 bu. the previous week, and 10,776 bu. for same week in 1886. Oats maintain a dull but steady tone, with values showing a slight advance during the week. No. 2 white are now quoted at 38 1/2c per bu., No. 3 mixed at 31 1/2c, and light mixed are nominal at 31 1/2c. Both stocks and receipts are light. At Chicago the week closed with a dull market, and prices showing a decline on spot. No. 3 mixed are quoted there at 26 1/2c, and on the street at 27 1/2c@30c; No. 2 white, by sample, sold at 30%@31 1/2c. In futures No. 3 mixed for January is quoted at 26 1/2c@30c for February, 30c for May. While business has been less active the past week, and values sometimes showing weakness, the general tendency is toward a higher range of prices.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

There is a decidedly better tone to the trade at all points, and in this market prices are firmer and higher for choice dairy stock. Ordinary dairy rolls are selling at 14@15c, choice packed stock at 16@18c, and sometimes extra fine bringing 30c per lb. Creamery is not so well, and ranges from 24 to 26 per lb. Fine dairy is scarce and the demand is not met. The Chicago market is firm, and there is quite an active movement of stock. At the close of the week receipts of fancy creamery were light and holders found no difficulty in obtaining 30@31c per lb. and a few instances as much as 32c. Fine makes, sweet and good flavor, brought 27@28c, while a grade below these ranged at 24@26c. Dairies sold well for local consumption at 23@25c for fancy and 18@20c for medium quality; choice fresh roller butter was in moderate request at 15@16c and ordinary to fair, 10@12c; common and packing stock, 10@12c. The New York market is quiet but apparently in good shape, prices keeping up well under an improved demand. Imitation creamery and Western dairy firm, and the fine portion of ladies worked in very good demand, especially for the out-of-town trade.

Quotations in that market on Saturday were as follows:

	Western Stock
Creamery, tubs, choice	30 @
Creamery, tubs, prime	30 @
Creamery, good	25 @
Creamery, fair	25 @
Creamery, ordinary	17 @
Creamery, fancy, fine	25 @
Creamery, June, good	17 @
State dairy half-drawn tubs, fancy	27 @
State dairy half-drawn tubs, good	27 @
State do half-drawn tubs, fair do	30 @
State do half-drawn tubs, ordinary	16 @
State dairy whole tubs, fancy	27 @
State dairy whole tubs, good	27 @
State dairy whole tubs, fair do	30 @
State dairy whole tubs, ordinary	16 @
State dairies, entire, good	19 @
State dairy dairies, choice	19 @
State dairy dairies, good	19 @
State dairy Welsh, choice	24 @
State dairy Welsh, good	24 @
State dairy Welsh, ordinary	17 @

Western Stock.

Creamery, Elgin.

Western dairy, creamery, choice

Western do, good to prime

Western do, fair

Western dairy, good

Western dairy, ordinary

Western dairy, fancy, choice

Western dairy, Welsh, choice

Western dairy, Welsh, good

Western dairy, Welsh, ordinary to good

Western factory, choice

Western factory, fair to good

Western factory, ordinary

All of which goes to show that the outlook for holders is improving.

IS IT RIGHT?

NO. VII.

In presenting No. 7 of our series, the reader has a right to inquire, "What has become of No. 6?" I will tell you, readers. As you doubtless noticed, Mr. O. M. Wayne, No. 49 of the last volume, opened his political batteries upon me—a thing which I had cautiously guarded against—and in the very opening lines of his article introduced both the Republican and Democratic parties, by name. It seemed to me that such an attack demanded a political reply. Such reply was promptly written and forwarded. The publishers of the *FARMER*, thinking it a little too political, excused their unquestioned right, and returned it to me, with request that it might be toned down, and shorn of some of its sharp corners. This

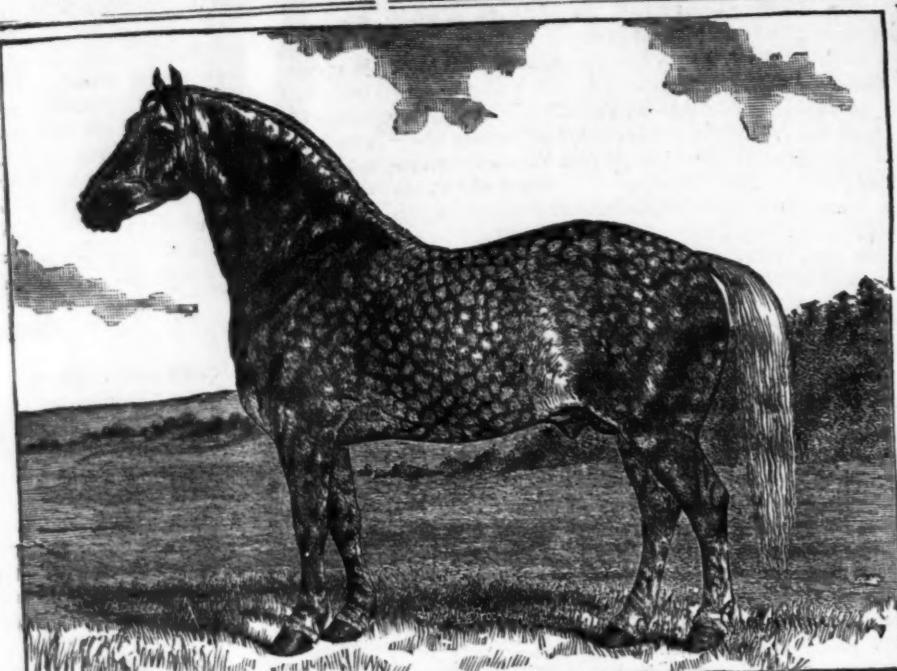
January 10, 1887.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

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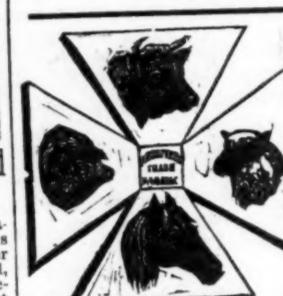
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JOHN JOY, Atlan, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle of good families. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Young stock for sale.

JOHN MCKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited.

JOSEPH SYKES, North Plains Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Fashionable families. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Muir, Ionic Co.

L. N. OLMSTED, Barn Oak Farm, Muir, Ionic Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

M. A. GRIFFIN, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Registered Merino sheep and Poland China swine. Write for prices.

M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Lenawee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some old ones. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

N. B. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young animals for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Eldorado Co., Mich.

P. J. DEVENIE, Holly, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Over 100 heads of blood. Correspondence invited.

J. E. DEVINE, Holly, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Over 100 heads of blood. Correspondence invited.

J. E. H. MINDS, Montezuma Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Horned sheep.

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HOW CAN A WOMAN KNOW?

I listened last night to a story
(As old as the world is old!)
That will never lose its glory,
However oft it is told.
Our parting moments were flying,
When he whispered, with eyes aglow;
"I love you with love undying!"—
But how can a woman know?
When time brings its sorrowful changes
That must come to us women—what then?
(For lost beauty too often estranges
The love of the best of men!)
Will this "dearest and sweetest of faces"
Still dearer and sweeter grow?
When Time shall have stolen its graces?
Ah! how can a woman know?
Will these "beautiful sable tresses,"
That he thinks so fair to day,
Be covered with loving caresses
When they are threaded with gray?
In the sun of our life is lying
Will he love "with a love undying?"
Ah! how can a woman know?
It would be so pleasant when leaving
This life for the other shore,
Could I die believing
To be left with One above me
And I trust in my darling so,
Believe he will always love me;
Yet—how can a woman know?

WINTER.

Here now is winter. Winter, after all,
Is not so dreary was my pooling dream,
With a single leafage too early to fall
Still leaves and berries clothe my garden wall;
Where ivy thrives on scantless sunny beam;
Still here a bend and there a blossom seem
Hopeful, and robin still is musical.
Leaves, flowers and fruit, and one delightful song
Remain; these days are short, but now the
nights.
Intense and long, hang out their utmost lights;
Such starry nights are long, yet not too long:
Frost nips the weak, while strengthening still
the strong.
Against that day when spring sets all to rights.
—Christina Rossetti.

Miscellaneous.

A SCHEMER.

It is a curious circumstance that while the waiting room at your dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your lawyer, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office; where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at best in a wretched little ante-room of unmixed dullness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast; "I suppose it is because lawyers do not often have ladies to visit them, and never children. Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say, Miss, but shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her and looked straight and composedly into his face.

She knew him by sight well enough; the small unduly-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under lip had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond those—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most incalculable of men, and, with a view of sustaining this character, had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was a busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and, taking her cue from him, straightened herself, and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Baywater," she started, "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment, in the event of it being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins, cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, "and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value; but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her by a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly so as not to make a mess of it the telling."

At this, Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illuminated his countenance.

"My dear young lady, what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a note-book, and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £50,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality a Mr. Hugh Lorrain, of Queen's Gate, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are so many of us and we want the money dreadfully. Why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man, who has not the shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly, her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus

Wiggins quite forgot his own pecuniary interest.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry, "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil, in dismay. "Won't what I've told you do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh! Mr. Wiggins, couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double—I mean, if he wins, and nothing at all if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some such nature have been come to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest; the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit here."

Sybil finished pulling up the wrists of her gloves, and then looked at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley square, when you always took the side of us children against our enemy, the gardener."

"What?" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest, "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the little stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil, "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"And I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that, in a large family in an aging circumstance. Good-by, Mr. Wiggins. I am sure I don't know how to thank you."

"Now that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office.

As he paused outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son?" he exclaimed. And then he stopped, put his cane to his nose and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy, Bertie, who was at Eton. He must be six or seven-and-twenty now. Who was the king who planned a match to stave off the thirty years' war? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a lawsuit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he prided himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as witty as Ulysses, as patient as Penelope."

The next day Mr. Eason, a nervous man with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but full instructions to act for him. The more Wiggins entered into the case the more doubtful he became as to his client's chances of winning the suit. James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't and won't."

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"That statement, made to me by your father, through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stiffs," said Lorrain, impatiently. "You ought to see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins, significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you know that I am dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whatever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins shortly.

"To her, do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared! Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word. Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh! Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow are. I say, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question, Mr. Lorrain, is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave the office."

Lorrain went out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cabman to Morley square.

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I can get some cash," he said.

"Pooh! Cash! Talk like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get me a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder. Now, tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amiable conversation the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of his dinner party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest of the young people in one another. When Thursday came his two servants wondered at his fussiness. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but this occasion not only must he inspect the menu and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put so, the chess-table so, this little arm-chair here,

that screen there, and so on all around the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courtin' of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed, when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his button-hole, and a pair of "pansies" on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admiringly dressed, and with a dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley square?" the young man asked, quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her, and as she stepped in now with soft folds of Indian muslin falling about her lissome figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any one of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unbent, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or that he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins's part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was quickly prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she had been.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his power as a strategist, and made it surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very straight into the girl's face, as her "Thank you very much, good night," was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

At last the day was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins's office, looking the picture of despair.

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side and avoid the subject," said the lawyer, severely.

"Oh; hang it!" said Lorrain; "I am not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologize humbly for ever having made it."

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kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins' word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man, actuated partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected, which, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the

keen silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

A CALLER.

Impatient she waits and listens
A manly tread to hear,
The ring on her finger glistens
When touched by the firelight clear.

Her heart goes forth in longing
To him, of all men, her king,
Her mind with fond thoughts thronging
She sweetly caresses his ring.

She sees his dark eyes glowing
With love for her alone,
She hears his low tones flowing,
"My beautiful, my own!"

She starts!—she panted fleetly—
She knows its music well—
Comes up the path, and sweetly
She smiles at the tinkling bell.

She opens the door so lightly,
Then tears her bright eyes fill,
And in her small hand tightly
She crushes the milliner's bill.

Bridget on Christmas.

"Is it merry Christmas, ye do be wishin' me, mem?" It's kind, faith, to ye for the same. An' I'd wish it back to ye as I thought 'twas to the good; but what does the folks of you know about Merry Christmas? Share 'tis the Lord an' the saints themselves sends it to poor folks like Patsy an' me; you're always atin' the fat in the land, an' drinckin' out o' sweet springs, an' havin' your wine, an' your honey, an' your meat, an' your milk, an' all the vagabonds of all the wurruld ready for ye when ye say the word; you can sleep soft, an' rise late, an' lie on them satin softs all day, or do be rollin' in carriages that's asy as a pumpkin blossom to a bumble-bee; an' wearin' soft clothes, an' warm, an' diamonds a sparklin' on 'em, an' fun cloaks that spiter the bitter wind o' the winter; and you go even'in to the dancin'—sure I wonder yedon't feel the cold air wid them bare necks and arms that would give the death to washer-women like me!—an' there's the music to thin oppery where you hearn' em singin' like cherubs above; why, you have it all time o' year! 'Tis merriest intirely wid ye; what's one day more'n another? An' what do ye have Christmas that ye don't have ah! days in the round year? An' why would ye be merry? Its heavin to ye here below, with lassins and laving of all that a mortal creature' can have, an' faix I don't wonder 'tis not so great matter to rich folks that the Lord was at barn ah! Aran's ye well enough off without him?

"But look at me! 'Tis a wonder if I have the bit at the sup day in an' day out, and Patsy out o' work most times, and six hungry children always and ever at my heels, ragged an' dirty, an' fightin' like street dogs for a crust. I git up before 'tis light mornin', an' work till dead dark to keep the life in 'em; and I've the two rooms an' the wan bed, old ancient straw, an' ragged covers, an' old blanket, savin' me shawl that goes off me back onto the bed! An' rest is it? Where'd I rest av ye had toime? I've got the flur for a sofy, an' signs on it, 'tisn't asy down to tired bones, barring that the chilid sleep there their own selves. But 'deed I've not the toime to rest till I'm sleep, and its' small toime for that, but 'tis heaven's own blessin to me it av comes.

"But whin 'tis Christmas, and some kind heart like yours, men, fetches me the basket full like you, an' I know there's a big dinner in 't for Patsy an' the childer, such as they haven't set their blissid eyes on for a year, an' there's the clothes in 't besides that wor the young masther's—the heavens be his bed this night! an' don't I know how the heart of ye's ached to be takin' 'em down an' givin' on to poor Bridgy's b'y. The Blissid Virgin keep ye, men, for that same. Why thin isn't Iraison I'd be merry? An' Patsy 'll keep 'em whilst I go to mass an' see the flowers an' the greens an' the burnin' candles, an' hear the music a goin' all over, an' makin' me eyes ache an' me back cold as though I heard the angels in Paradise a-singing; an' there's a bar'l o' coal to home it warms me to think of, an' the hot fire an' the good dinner commin', an' the childher laughin' to the fire, an' Patsy wid the mouth wide-stretched open a listenin' to 'em. Oh! don't think its Merry Christmas to ivy vein ay my heart, thin!

"Deed, an' tis mortal sorry that I am, mem, that a kind lady like you'll never know the feal av it! So I won't wish ye the Merry Christmas, but what's next best to 't—that ye'll make it merry to more beside me."—*Inter Ocean.*

A Backwoods Christmas.

"We kept Christmas in the old times, but not as they do now. In the backwoods neighborhood the old cabins were made to take on a new brightness, and I can remember a night when two of my cronies, the sons of a neighbor, who lived half a mile away, came across the snow in their bare feet. A Christmas gathering was something not to be slighted, and as their moccasins or shoes were in bad shape, and their older brothers had hidden those, they concluded to make the trip barefooted, and they did.

"I remember that the gathering that night was made memorable by the best Kris Kringle that had ever been seen in the neighborhood. The plan was, when the party had gathered in the main room, which generally was the kitchen, or living room, that some one, masquerading as Santa Claus, came in carrying a sack of apples, nuts, cakes, and threw them by handfuls up to the ceiling, and as they came down, and the children laughing to the fire, an' Patsy wid the mouth wide-stretched open a listenin' to 'em. Oh! don't think its Merry Christmas to ivy vein ay my heart, thin!

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"The man in costume dropped as though he had been shot. The mask fell off, and it was discovered that the boy had floored his own father. There was a great commotion, in the midst of which my young friend struck out over the snow for home. When the old gentleman revived he asked who drew the apple, and when the truth came out, instead of showing any irritation, he began to boast of the boy's good qualities. When the youngster reached home he found under his pillow a pair of new shoes, a luxury in that neighborhood that very few boys could afford. He put them on and ran back to make friends with his father."—*Inter Ocean.*

Every American Should Be Trained to Work.

There is a large class of Americans—people of opulence, men of acquired or inherited wealth—who do not hesitate to inculcate the belief among their children, and especially their daughters, that it is useless and unnecessary for them to learn to do anything useful in connection with domestic manual labor. It is an uncommon expression in the higher circles of society for ladies to declare: "My husband" or "my father is rich; why, then, should I demean myself by manual labor?" In such "society" it is deemed vulgar for a lady to know how to do a useful thing in connection with housekeeping. Parents in these cases rear their daughters not to learn to do the useful, and many mothers, whose husbands are under a hard strain every day in the year to find the wherewithal to keep up appearances, impress their daughters with the idea that labor is degrading, and that a hand which shows any signs of manual labor will not be sought in marriage by a gentleman. We confess we do not know how true this is. If it is correct, then indeed it is evidence of a lack of manhood, and if it is not, it is a wicked libel on the character of an American gentleman.

Girls who won't learn to do useful things at home because their fathers are rich lose opportunities to fit themselves to meet the exigencies and the accidents of life. It has always been the custom for the Princesses of Germany to learn trades. The Bourbon Princes of France all acquired trades. Some of them were printers, bookbinders, shipwrights, house-carpenters, joiners, and painters; they did not follow these vocations, but they understood them. Royal and princely ladies in Germany and France understand every function of housekeeping and know how to perform it. They can go to the dairy and stable and handle milk or a cow and a horse with dexterity and satisfaction. The Prince of Wales is a bookbinder. Each of his brothers has a trade, and his sons are now learning trades according to their tastes. All the ladies of the English royal household are accomplished in practical things—they know how to do useful things even if they are never called upon to perform them.

The mawkishness or sentimental which encourages girls not to learn to do useful, practical, and strengthening labor is a basement of the noblest impulses of nature. When such an inculcation is encouraged it tends to deprive girls especially from developing their mental and physical forces, which, if properly trained, might develop the good and grand in their character. Work properly performed is a recuperation, not an exhausting, of mental and physical forces. Knowledge is power, is an axiomatic truth. To know how to do the useful is an accomplishment of which any girl can be proud, and especially an American girl.—*Harrisburg Independent.*

Men Who Thought.

A young assistant of chemistry in the Boston Institute of Technology happened some years ago to be in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. While there he observed that the Portage River and Lake Linden were of a peculiar coppery color, and, when he asked the cause, was told that it was copper that escaped from the smelting and stamping mills of the Calumet and Hecla mines. The young teacher put his thinking-cap on and then requested the company to allow him to experiment with a view to saving this copper. The company was only too glad to offer facilities. So the young man gave up his summer vacation and set to work and was able to devise a method by which four per cent of the copper mined was saved, and almost pure copper, too. The young professor no longer earns a trifling salary, but has acquired a comfortable income by his summer's labors.

Some one at that time laughed in a coarse and heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Dr. Mary Walker gave him.

Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it, and so on out through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her go through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly-paper and fur on the ragged edges of a large aperture in the glass, and we kind of jumped at the conclusion that Dr. Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room.

Dr. Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul, and her exact whereabouts are not known, though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and bridle hair were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park, and as far north as the British line, but the Doctor herself was not found. My own theory is that if she turned her bow to the west so as to catch the strong easterly gale on her quarter, with the sail she had set and her tail pointing directly toward the zenith, the chances for Dr. Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely slim.—*Bill Nye.*

The Proof-Reader.

The proof-reader has long shared with the "intelligent compositor" the reputation for that depravity which has made a writer say "see the pale martyr with shirt on fire," and when he wrote "in sheet of fire;" and to ask "is there no barn in Guilford;" when he meant "is there no barn in Gilead;" to speak of his love of "alum water," when he wrote "Alma Mater," and to speak of "a mysterious dispensation of Providence;" as well as "a mysterious disappearance of provisions." The silence of the proof-reader has been taken either as evidence of his guilt or that he was proof against reproach. He has borne contumely long enough, and rises to "hurl back" the charges and to "mail lies to the counter" and to "thrust the base falsehoods down the throat of his cowardly vituperators," as the contributors to the popular periodical, the *Congressional Record*, are in the habit of saying. The world has turned at last, and a rather lively turn it is. He expresses his wonder that nothing has ever been said in praise of proof-readers. Of course, this might surprise a proof-reader, but any experienced writer for the press will not be astonished at it all. The writer will know that he has time and time again written the most glowing eulogies of proof-readers and their assistants—tributes that statesmen might envy and good men crave. And the proof-reader has never allowed them to appear in print. Where the writer has said that the proof-reader was a "benefactor to his race," it has appeared "as a benighted seapage," when

he has called him the "salt of the earth," it comes to the surface as "scum of the earth;" when he has spoken of the "ease and comfort" a good proof-reader gives him, he is made to say an "escaped convict," and when he has referred to the proof-reader's "saintly grace," the public first learns of it as a "snake in the grass." This is why nothing has ever appeared in print in praise of the proof-reader. The protesting proof-reader is not willing to believe that every one of his species is "full of malice toward authors and hates the whole world." And then the man actually goes to speak a good word for himself and his kind. At this rate the barber will be defending his talk; the mother-in-law will clamor for a hearing; the plumber will be piping up in his own behalf; the Chinese laundryman claiming a right to live an honest and cleanly life, and turkeys speak their minds about Thanksgiving. What is the world coming to? However, since the proof-reader has been graciously allowed to have his say, it is perhaps worth while, as a mild amusement, to hear how he puts the case. His first place, he says to an author in his veins used to have something to do to earn his salary, he goes right on with his regular business, selling goods at the great sacrifice which druggists will make sometimes in order to place their goods within the reach of all.

As soon as I learned that Mr. Sweeney had barely escaped being a crowned head, I got acquainted with him and tried to cheer him up, and I told him that people wouldn't hold him in any way responsible, and that, as it hadn't shown itself in his family for years, he might perhaps finally wear it out.

He is a mighty pleasant man, anyhow, and you can just have as much fun with him as you could with a man who didn't have any royal blood in his veins. You would be around him for days on a fishing trip and never notice it at all.

But I was going to speak more in particular of Mr. Sweeney's case. Mr. Sweeney had a large case named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning, and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened.

One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather in a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over the counter, and from there jumped down on the window-sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper.

VARIETIES.

A good story is told at the expense of a good-looking young farmer of Readfield. He is not only a good-looking young fellow but also a steady worker and very practical in his ideas. It seems that last summer among the guests at the hotel was a very pretty young girl who was spending a few weeks here with her mother. She was decidedly critical in her manners, and of rather a coquettish and romantic nature. The young man in question became very much struck with the young woman's attractions and was quite devoted in his attentions. Young men are scarce here, and the city maiden was by no means likely to accept the attentions of the good-looking farmer.

One night the couple were sitting in a hammock which was swinging near the windows of the hotel parlor, and a certain person sitting near one of these windows overheard their conversation. The moon was shining brightly and the crickets chirped merrily, which may have prompted the maiden to coo: "What is God's best gift to man?" Having asked the question she blushed a little and let her long sweeping lashes hide for a moment her downcast eyes.

But the young man was equal to the occasion, and after hesitating a moment he answered, confidently: "A horse." The moonbeams were just as bright and the crickets still continued their song, but the maiden was suddenly brought back from her romantic world to the practical realities of a farmer's wife.

TO SHREWD.—A professor in a medical college called the attention of his class to a man who had applied for medical advice. "Now gentlemen," said the professor, "will you be kind enough to look at this patient closely, and see if you can tell what is really the matter with him?"

At the dog show—"Why does that man wear a blue ribbon in his coat?" "Oh, dear, why, he has taken a first prize." "In what?" "In the puppy class."

Jones—Bad—bad—bad—Dawdle, isn't it Brown—What's the matter with him? Jones—He is going to the devil rapidly. Brown—is that so? What's her name?

When I courted, there was no one sweater—None to make the heart of me so glad, that I could not have been a better; And now—well—I only wish I had!

She didn't mean it that way, of course; but young De Quille, having succeeded, after years of effort, in getting a "poem" accepted by *Puck*, felt quite hurt by his wife's gleeful exclamation: "What! Ten dollars for that? They do pay well!"

There are some women who wouldn't be happy in a mansion in Heaven unless they could clean house about once every three minutes.

I love to watch the falling snow," sighs a poetess. "Well, you wouldn't, dear, if you lived where the horse-cars run only every 12 minutes."

Regular Caller—"I'd like to see your father, Tommy, if he isn't engaged." Tommy—"He is; but what's the matter with Clara? She isn't engaged."

People shill look for oranges in a cabbage field, um pecan because no oranges was found, dot same peoples are determined not to appreciate it.

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"Why, I am told, my dear friends," said a temperance orator in a low, earnest tone, "that 16,000 liquor saloons are in sight in the United States." "Yes, we have a large number of saloons in the country," replied the speaker.

"How can I regulate the pendulum with the rest of the clock?"

"Dars nuffin' matter wid de rest ob de inards ob de clok, so I jess luf 'em at home. Jess you fix de penulum. Ef de penulum goes all right de rest ob de clok goes all right too. I know dat much, eben of I ain't had no book larnin'."

ONE phase of the labor question was developed by an official taking a school census recently. He was met at the door by a tired-looking little woman. "What is your husband's business, madam?" "Oh, he has no business." "What does he work at?" "He does not work, he is a labor reformer." "What do you do?" "I take in washing and ironing." "That is the way a number of 'friends of the laboring man' settle the labor question; they let their wives do work to support them, while they are reforming the country and putting down the monopolist."

DOCTOR—Ah! looking badly yet, I see You have evidently not been following my instructions about taking exercise.

Patrick—Yis; I walked half a mile yesterday.

Doctor—Good. You remember I told you that you must always have some object in view when you walk so as to get your mind off your troubles. I hope you made yesterday's outing a matter of business of some kind."

Patrick—Yis; I went and bought a cemetery.

JIM WESTER met Miss Matilda Snowball on Austin Avenue. He had formerly been very familiar, but a coolness, which led to an estrangement, had parted them. On this occasion he requested her to be his little dove, his only gazelle, once more. "G'way, Jim, I've a wife abounding for de past two weeks. Tain't right for me ter listen ter yer." "It wouldn't be, Matilda, if I wasn't a married man myself."—*Texas Stories.*

MR. PETER, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters, call me Poet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.

"CAN I see the lady of the house?" said a book agent to the writer, who, in a friend's house, had answered his ring at the door-bell. The man's manner was respectful and not in the least obtrusive. His words had been heard by the lady of the house, descending the hall stairs at the moment. She called out in a harsh and angry tone: "There is no lady in the house when peddlars come around. Get out!" and she slammed the door in his face. There was no lady there at any time.

A LITTLE three-year-old boy became unruly at home, and his mamma, wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood-box in the kitchen and tied him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there said: "Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "O, nawthin'—I'm not havin' one of her bad spells!"

JONES—Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw. Smith—Correct. Jones—They say you sleep 15 hours out of every 24. Smith—Correct. Jones—What do you do it for? Smith—In order to economize. You see it costs you nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin.

PROVERBS—So you're the young fellow that robs my orchard?

INNOCENCE—I ain't been a-robbin' no one.

PROPRIETOR—What makes your pockets bulge so?

INNOCENCE—It's the way the pants is cut.

CHAF.

WHAT animal always plays a leading part? A blind man's dog.

